

### A View of Life.

O what is life? its but a span,  
A few short years that's given to man,  
Upon this lower earth to dwell,  
Ere he shall enter heaven or hell.

You see that infant there that lies,  
Unable from its cot to rise,  
It is a thing of life, but must,  
By nature's law, to others trust.

For those supplies which serve to give  
It nourishment that it may live,  
Attend it not, life's thread would snap,  
And none on earth could give it back.

You see you man of middle age,  
Who quickly moves along life's stage,  
He is possessed of power and might  
To do the wrong, or aid the right.

He seems robust and full of health,  
But fell disease comes on by stealth,  
Ere he expects it, he is laid low,  
Struck by an arrow from death's bow.

Look at that man, with hoary head,  
How careful he each step doth tread,  
His limbs are frail, they tottering go,  
His movements now are always slow.

The eyes that once were keen and bright  
Have now but almost lost their sight;  
The ears are dull, the voice is weak,  
It troubles him at times to speak.

Fingers but a little white,  
When death doth take him in its coils,  
Another victim to that grave  
Which seems for mortal man to crave.

So thus you see, that all mankind  
From early youth to age doth find  
That life is but a seek, a line  
Upon the o, eu page of time.

Doth it not then become us well  
To stop and think before we fall,  
What would our future prospects be  
If called into eternity?

### "THE PILGRIM FATHERS."

Lecture by Rev. T. W. Handford of Toronto.

Mr. Handford said he would venture to characterize the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers from the Mayflower in 1620 as an act of heroism. As far as he knew there was no event in the history of the Pilgrim Fathers which claimed particular attention, but none could deny that the heroic men and women who formed that band claimed the respect of all Christian communities. It was not necessary that heroism should be connected with great, startling events. Men of note, who have never before shone particularly in life, often start into prominence in an hour. Leonidas, at the Pass of Thermopylae, and Horatius, who kept the Bridge over the Tiber, were brought into light by the presence of an emergency. Britain has had heroes ever since she has been a country. There was heroism in the valley as well as on the mountain. True heroism was not the heroism of an hour, it was rather that of a lifetime. The men and women of the time of the Mayflower turned the story of their lives into a sacred drama. They were all life-long heroes. As Thomas Carlyle says—"You can never gain other than wholesome and good from the companionship of the heroic." Miles Standish was a brave soldier who could face the storm or the savage foe, but he was afraid of the piercing eye of Priscilla, and through that he lost his lady love. In looking for the exact cause of the exodus of the Pilgrim Fathers, it would be seen that their action was the result of a long brooding revolution. The sixteenth century was the first of practical civilization. It was then that England sought the dream of her grand and magnificent future. It was then that the great Reformation took place, and the world got the Bible. The Bible came to be the champion of men and the best friend they had. The torch of liberty was lighted by God's own hand, and the old Papal authority tried to put it out, and so back to back the martyrs stood at Oxford, and said to one another "Be of good cheer, brother." Then the Pilgrim Fathers caught the candle, they sheltered it, and at last brought it across the Atlantic and planted it on Plymouth Rock. During the 17th century political and ecclesiastical life was shaken. When the century opened, the sceptre was slipping from the hand of Elizabeth, who had sworn to put down the stiff-necked Puritans. When a woman made up her mind to do a thing she generally did it. Queen Elizabeth, who had more power than any man who ever held a throne, was baffled by 20,000 Puritans. This showed that there must have been pretty good stuff in them. The Popedom was supreme in England long after Henry VIII., and thus religious liberty was not the heritage of those who sought it. Then the Puritans began to place before the High Church party their peculiar doctrines. They claimed that every assemblage of worshippers was a Church. They asked to be allowed to worship God where they would and as they would. They objected to the middleman, the priest. This brought upon them the terrible fate of the Huguenots of France. Two of them were hanged at Tyburn because they refused to attend High Church worship. When James came from Scotland they hoped to find in him the teachings of John Knox, but no, the King had not been long on the throne ere they found him to be no friend of theirs. In answer to their petition, he said, "What you want is a Presbytery, which agrees with the monarchy as well as God and the devil." Thus the King insulted 850 godly men, and it is a wonder that the house of Stuart did not fall in the time of James, and not totter until the time of Charles. With a final threat, the King told the petitioners, "I will make you conform or I'll hurry you out of this land." In less than a year 300 of them were either in prisons or exiled. Then James took the suicidal course of exercising a censorship over the press. In doing this he used the best friend he had. The two most important things this King ever did was to write two books, one on "Witches" and the other about "Tobacco," and introduce silk stockings. This was the age of conspiracies, but the Puritans never descended to it. The stronghold of Puritanism was Lancashire and Yorkshire, Boston was then the rival of London. It was here the brave Puritans had their headquarters. John Robinson was their first minister. They were not allowed to go about their religious duties without being harassed. Therefore, in the year 1603, a company of hard-hearted Puritans decided to leave. Their attention was directed to Holland. When a party of them were about to embark a company of soldiers swooped down and dragged them off to prison. By-and-bye, as no charge could be made against them, they were set at liberty and they went over unmolested to Holland. They found it difficult to settle amongst a people of such dissimilar manners, habits and language. The Puritans

took counsel together and decided to seek some land where they could colonize and rear the old tree on new soil. Thus they sought the Continent of America. On July 22, 1620, the little Mayflower lay near Leyden Town awaiting for the passengers she was going to bear away westward. The company of 100 men and women who knelt praying on the beach were the founders of Plymouth, Boston, Massachusetts, New England, America! Pastor Robinson prayed fervently as the little band moved toward the water's edge, and the Mayflower started away on her long voyage. Since the fisher's boat danced on the Sea of Galilee never was so precious a cargo afloat. There were only 100 men and women on board, but there was manhood enough there to serve as stock-in-trade for a whole continent. It tries what is in a man to bid an eternal farewell to his native land. There is no record of the trials and sufferings on that memorable voyage. The brave fathers and mothers bore their sufferings in silence. What must they have suffered during the sixty-four days they were at sea? At daybreak on Nov. 9th they caught sight of Cape Cod. That was day-dawn for the whole continent, from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate. On reaching their destination they found nothing—no shelter, not a roof, no kind hand stretched out to welcome them. Cold winter was just setting in; the frost was becoming a very fiend incarnate. The covenant of the Pilgrim Fathers said they had gone forth for truth and liberty and king and country. They formed themselves into a body politic and elected a governor. They were careful to observe the Sabbath. Before the spring had come half the little company were sleeping in their graves. A year afterwards the Fortune brought a furnished addition to the company and then the whole band gathered around their last pit of corn. They formed an honorable compact with the Indian and for fifty years they never had an angry word with the red man. The whole continent of America is the memorial of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The lecturer then finished his interesting discourse by showing that it was not for nothing that God had planted the Pilgrim Fathers on the American continent.

### The Sick-Rooms.

A recent writer gives the following sensible suggestions on this subject: Each person in a room should be supplied with 3,000 cubic feet of air per hour, and this should be done, where possible, without creating a perceptible draft, for the nervous irritation produced by drafts is liable to produce internal inflammation. The temperature of the sick room should be kept at a uniform height, the best average being from 65 to 70 degrees Fah., except for infants or very old people, who require a temperature of from 75 to 80 degrees Fah.; and for these it is especially important to guard against changes, and to keep it as uniform as possible. All cases of fever require a temperature lower than the average, as from 50 to 60 degrees Fah., to assist in reducing the high temperature of the body; but when the fever subsides, and there is much debility remaining, the temperature should be raised somewhat above the average. As a patient can bear a greater degree of cold when in bed than when out of it, convalescents from severe disease, fevers especially, should have the temperature of their rooms higher than that maintained during the height of the attack. Diseases of the air passages, as croup and diphtheria, require a high temperature (80 degrees to 85 degrees Fah.) and a moist atmosphere. The best method for heating the sick room is by the open grate fire. The sick room should not be darkened by blinds, except where there is a disease of the eyes, with photophobia, or when the patient is very restless and cannot sleep; then strong light must be excluded. Otherwise the sunlight should be allowed to enter and act chemically by decomposing the noxious gases, and thus purify the air. Of course it is not advisable to place the patient under a strong uncomfortable glare of sunlight, nor in summer to allow the sun's rays to shine into the room and raise the temperature too high. Artificial light has no useful effect but does harm by burning up oxygen.

### Was it Cider?

A Norwich man put up twelve bottles of cider against the no license law this season, and when he went down cellar to get a bottle for a friend the other night he found that five of them had burst. He picked up a sound one and returned above stairs. He held the bottle at an angle of sixty-two and one-half degrees north latitude, between his knees, and cut the wires that girt the cork. There was a flash and a report, and the cork struck the northern brink of his wife's left ear, while the entire pint of cider, making nearly as good time as the cork, struck the expectant friend full in the mouth.

Never having accustomed himself to drinking cider in this way, that is, on the fly, he reminded the dejected possessor of the bottle that he had been able only to get a small of the liquor and advised him to open another bottle. The request was complied with and the host brought up another bottle, and in order to avoid accidents and also save the cider he turned the neck of the bottle into a pitcher before he cut the wires. Then he severed the cords in the presence of a small but highly appreciative and attentive audience. The second manoeuvre, as far as getting the cider of the bottle and into the pitcher was concerned, was a complete success, but the idea that it might refuse to stay there does not appear to have struck him half so forcibly as did the cider when, with unimpaired agility and strength, it shot forth and raked him from the bottom button of his vest to the back part of his hair. About a thimblefull of the liquid remained in the bottom of the pitcher, and this was drunk in solemn silence by the guest, who pronounced it exceedingly good, but nervously muttered something about setting the children a bad example of extravagance and waste when the opening of a third bottle was suggested.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

A Syrian convert to Christianity was urged by his employers to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into the pit on the Sabbath day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered Hayob, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell the ass."

It costs \$1,500 to die stylishly in the Paris of America, and \$500 to fade away quietly and respectably.

My son, deal with men who advertise. You will never lose by it.—*Ben Franklin.*

### FIELD AND FARM.

#### Getting Good Stock at Small Cost.

The cheapest, quickest, and, in a large majority of cases, decidedly the best way by which a farmer of comparatively limited means can improve his stock, is by the persistent use of the best males he can obtain. In most cases he will find it best to secure full blood animals of the breed which most nearly corresponds to his ideal; use these on the best female he has or can readily obtain, and continue the use of equally good and well-bred sires on the female progeny for the successive crosses. One of the most common failures in attempts to improve the stock of the country comes from resting satisfied with the results of one or two crosses, or else thinking a change of plan and the introduction of some other blood will give better results. With continued use of pure-bred sires of one breed for eight or ten years, in the case of hogs or sheep, and for ten or a dozen years in the case of cattle, a farmer may have a collection of animals nearly or quite equal to the pure breeds in all useful qualities.

But there are some advantages in having thoroughbred stock; as a rule, they will be better cared for, and, consequently, give better returns, and often the surplus can be sold, for breeding purposes, at prices above those to be obtained on the general market. The objection is, the increased cost of the stock; and this is a serious one where it is contemplated to purchase a considerable number. But now that good animals of almost any breed can be obtained at unusually low prices, it is well to remember the rapidly with which a large flock of herd can be grown from a very small commencement.

The wonderful productivity of the hog needs no illustration. Two or three ewes as a starting point will enable one to build up a very large flock in ten years; and so the progeny of a cow, in a dozen years, unless she should prove a persistent "bull breeder," might prove a herd of 40 or 50 females, of various ages. A catalogue has recently been printed in England of a short horned herd descended from one cow, that has had 116 female descendants in 30 years. It is not yet 45 years since the time of the Short horn cow Young Mary by Jupiter (2170), but her direct descendants must now number many hundreds. Of course, it is not often that so prolific a cow is obtained, as she was the dam of fourteen heifers and one bull.

Looking forward ten, twenty, or twenty-five years seems a long time to a young farmer; but he expects to live and farm that long, and to keep stock of some kind; and by a little additional expense and a little additional care and skill in selection and management, he can in either of the ways named, be steadily improving his stock, and securing those which will not only better please the eye but which will also sell for more money, and give a better profit. In this, as in many other things, the two most important elements of success are, to start right, and then stick to it.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

SAVING WHAT HAS BEEN GAINED.—It is not flattering to their skill as farmers, but it is none the less true, that the cattle of very many farmers make nearly or quite all their growth, and certainly all their net gain in weight, during, say five of the twelve months of the year. During the summer and fall, while on fair or good pasture, such cattle often make reasonable gains, growing in size, and adding to their flesh; but from the time cold weather comes on, too often they begin to lose in flesh, perhaps in health, and "come out" in the spring weak, poor, spiritless, with staring coats and morbid or capricious appetites, if not with positive disease. At the best, when turned on the grass again, several weeks must elapse before they regain the condition and the weight possessed in the fall. If the animals are young, serious injury often results. It is almost impossible that an animal subjected to such treatment should grow up with symmetrical form or with ability to make the best use of the food consumed.

Every consideration of economical management impresses the importance of saving all that has been gained by the cattle during the summer. This cannot be done if they are subjected to a sudden change of food and treatment, or are placed in such conditions that they must necessarily be exposed to all the changes of temperature and all the storms of our average winters. At least, the flesh gained cannot be preserved under such circumstances without a consumption of food much greater than would otherwise be needed. The proper temperature of the body must be maintained in some way—either by shelter or by increased consumption of food. An animal in good health and flesh will withstand a severe storm without appreciable injury; but the exposure to the storm has caused increased consumption of food, or else the consumption of some of the surplus fat stored up from food eaten in the past.

A CHEAP AND NOVEL SMOKE HOUSE.—An exchange gives the following directions for a Florida correspondent for making a cheap and efficient smoke house. Dig a narrow pit from twelve to eighteen inches deep throwing the earth all on one side. At the bottom of this pit dig a trench of sufficient length to hold one or two joints of stove-pipe at such an angle as will bring the end away from the pit to the surface of the ground. Over the end of the pipe set a large cask; remove both heads and bank up the earth so that no smoke can escape from the bottom. Hang the hams to be smoked on round sticks, placed across the top of the cask. Throw a cover over the sticks that will leave space enough for draught to let the smoke pass freely. Build a fire of corn-cobs or sawdust in the pit and the work is accomplished.

To provide warm stables for the stock undoubtedly costs more, in many cases, than does the extra quantity of food required by the animals when exposed. It is also true, that animals which have never been housed may not thrive as well, at least for a time, in a stable as in the open air; but it is exceedingly rare that any combination of circumstances exists making it good economy both to leave the animals unsheltered and poorly supplied with food. If the lower prices for beef and pork tempt the farmer to give less care to his stock than in former years, let him remember that grain and hay are correspondingly low. If profits promise to be small, let it be borne in mind that they may disappear entirely if careful management be not given.—*Live Stock Journal.*

NEW JERSEY HAMS.—The recipe for curing hams is one and a half pounds table salt, one and a half pounds light brown sugar, one ounce saltpetre, one ounce black pepper, ground; mix together, first masking the saltpetre very fine, then working in the salt

and sugar. This is to be applied to fifty pounds of ham within forty-eight hours after killing. No pickle is used. The preparation is applied by hand, pasting over the entire surface, excepting the rind, say about half an inch in thickness. Let them lie in a cool place for eighteen or twenty days, then smoke. We are eating hams thus cured this season, and can vouch for their quality being unexcelled.

LICK ON POULTRY.—The best as well as easiest remedy for getting rid of vermin on fowl, and keeping them clear afterward, is first to clean and whitewash the roosts, adding a liberal supply of salt to the wash. Then have the entrance to and from these roosts sufficiently small, that a sponge saturated with kerosene oil, hung over the entrance would come in contact with the back of each fowl every time it goes in or out. We know this to be a most excellent remedy. Supply the sponge with oil once a week. Hens with chickens, not before hatching, should be liberally smeared with a mixture of lard-oil and kerosene, immediately on leaving the nest. The chick will show a rapid and healthy growth, being free from gapes and pip.

#### Translation of an Indian Warrior's Orations.

Blaze with your serried columns! Injun no more bend the knee and white man's shackle shall no more bind Injun's arm. I've mailed it with the thunder when the tempest muttered low, and when it falls something must drop, as the pale face says. I've soared you in the city, I've lifted your hair on the plain, and Injun is still carrying on the same business at the old stand; your patronage respectfully solicited; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. I scorn your proffered treaty, because those fellows at Washington are a gang of scallawags who would rob Injun's squaw of her last blanket and turn it over to the Government and collect \$150 for it. O, no indeed! Revenge is stamped upon my spear, as you will see if you examine it closely, and "bind" my battle-ory.

Some strike for hope of booty, some to defend their all, but I do not do that kind of business. I battle for the joy I have in seeing the white man bite the dust. You've trailed me through the forest, you've trailed me o'er the stream, but the first thing you know some of you won't know nothing; for I stand as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear, or his shot-gun and meat axe, as the case may be; also, the scalp of vengeance still is red and warns you to look a little to your topknot.

Think ye to find my homestead? I gave it to the fire, and I didn't have it insured for twice its value either. But, should ye seek life's nourishment, enough have I and good—I live on hate, with just enough of white man's fire water to keep up the circulation. Please excuse my candor, but I loathe you with my bosom, I scorn you with mine eye, and I think you are, on a general average, the doggondest dead beat and low-lived skinflint that I have met in a month's travel. I ne'er will ask for a quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave, but I'll swim the sea of slaughter till my eyes stick out like ink bottles. Ugh, big Injun eat railroad iron!

#### Reporters and Detectives.

The following has considerably more truth than poetry in it, and the writer evidently knows whereof he speaks:—"That would be a strange sort of policeman who did not cherish the superstition that when a crime is committed the criminal never imagines that it will be discovered, and never takes any precautions to escape until he sees an account of his offence in the daily papers. Nothing can be more absurd. A man who has sense enough to break into a bank, or rob another on the highway, knows his crime is sure to come to light within a few hours, and if he is wise he makes immediate disposition to escape. Yet policemen always hope to sprinkle salt on his tail by every effort to keep the news away from the reporters. Frequently they work harder to do this than to catch the rascals. The Montreal police magistrates are trying to have their offense enacted into a law. They have presented a Bill to the Dominion Parliament which prohibits "detectives and other officials from imparting information, or reporters from publishing the same, unless the documents are accompanied with the consent of the magistrate presiding over the case." This is superlatively absurd. Imagine a reporter having to hunt up a police magistrate at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning to submit to him some newsy bit of burglary, or an assassination upon the streets! There is never a case of any importance, in which the reporters and press do not do infinitely more than the police officials in the way of uncovering the perpetrators and bringing them to justice.—*Toledo Blade.*

#### Socialists and their Publications.

The *Ordre*, of Paris, of the 26th ult., states that the London Socialists have brought out a newspaper, of which two numbers have already appeared, but the third number of which the printer has refused to print. This may be perfectly true; but the *Ordre* goes on to explain that the publication has been stopped "by order of the police," on account of the gross insults it contained on the Queen and on foreign Sovereigns. It is impossible to make a Frenchman understand that the police in England have not the power which is possessed in every other European country, and that no publication can be stopped except after an enquiry by a magistrate in open court. The Bonapartists are, as a rule, better acquainted with English affairs than any other class of Frenchmen; but the Napoleonic *Ordre*, nevertheless, finds it impossible to imagine the existence of a state of society except under the direct surveillance of the police.

"What did your mother say, my little man? Did you give her my card?" asked an inexperienced young gentleman of a little boy whose mother had given him an invitation to call upon her, and whose street door was accordingly opened to his untimely summons, by the urchin aforesaid. "Yes, I gave it to her," was the innocent reply, and she said, "if you were not a nat'ral born fool, you wouldn't come on Monday morning, when everybody was washin'!"

An old gentleman in Key west took his son's watch to show him how easily he could be robbed, and then asked him the time. The young man was distressed to find his watch had been stolen. "Never mind," said his father, "I took it to show you how easily you could lose it; here it is." But as he felt in his pocket to return it, he was surprised to find that some thief more adroit than himself had taken it.

### DEAN STANLEY ON AMERICA.

Whereto We Differ From and Agree With Our Kinsmen Beyond the Sea. (N. Y. World.)

Dean Stanley delivered a presidential address to the members of the Midland Institute at Birmingham, on Monday, Dec. 16. He thought that, instead of enlarging on the common-place topics of education or literature, which would be equally advantageous at any time or in any place, it would be as well to say a few words suggested by a recent journey to the United States. He confined himself in a great measure to that side of American life which, perhaps, was of more interest to him than to most travellers—its purely historical aspect; that aspect presented by the original Eastern States, to which his journey was confined. It was a part of history of which, for whatever reason, Englishmen were strangely ignorant—at least he spoke for himself—until their imagination had been touched by the actual sight of that vast continent, with its inspiring suggestions and recollections. He noticed in Americans, as a marked peculiarity, apparent almost from the first, the singular buoyancy and elasticity both of the national and individual characters. It might be the product of their brilliant, exhilarating, invigorating climate; it might be the accompaniment of the vast horizon opened by their boundless territory; it might be partly the youth of the nation; but its existence was unquestionable. If at times there was something almost of levity in the readiness with which misfortunes were thrown off and life begun over again; if at times the more sober part of the nation was depressed by the sense of the difficulties which they had to encounter; yet, on the whole, this spring of vitality, if turned to good account, must be of incalculable virtue in this working world, where the imagination still played so large a part, and where so much was given to confidence of victory, even more than to victory itself. If perchance the United States had too much of it, we, it might be, had too little; and this confidence of Americans in their own political, ecclesiastical and social system was a warning to us to rise above those doleful lamentations with which in these days we often heard citizens and Churchmen and Christians of England despair of our country, our Church and our religion. Secondly, there were the elements of that character which they possessed in common with the English race, with which their past history showed it to be in so many respects identical. In spite of some dark and sinister features in both countries, there was on the whole the same keen appreciation of the delights of pure domestic life. In spite of the lawlessness which was perhaps the inevitable outburst of the effervescence of communities not yet fully organized, there was on the whole in the mass of the people something of the same self-control, and common sense, and love of freedom, and obedience to law on which we prided ourselves, and which we were glad to recognize in our descendants. And these points of contact between the mother country and the daughter States not only are themselves encouraging, but they derive additional force from the guarantee which they give that the union between the two, though severed by the revolution of the last century, is in the essential elements of character and social sympathy yet unbroken. No doubt we had much to learn from America; but if this closeness of sympathy and homogeneity of race was still maintained they would always have something to learn from us, and would, he trusted, be not unwilling to receive it. It was a solemn responsibility which the recollection of American history impressed upon us, that, as we were their fathers, so, in large measure, we were responsible for them—our children; responsible because they sprang from us, but yet more responsible because our good or evil actions still produced a direct impression on their susceptible minds. Commercial dishonesty, blind political partisanship, demagogic strategems, frivolous luxury in English society, were strong incentives to any like vices which appear in the kindred stock; and, on the other hand, every attempt on our part to maintain refinement of manners, truthful dealing, a policy that does not tend to popular fashion, simplicity, and self-control in social life, act and have acted with immense force in promoting the like virtues beyond the Atlantic. "It is the spirit of the British Constitution," says Burke, "which, infused through the mighty mass of the English settlements, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates every part, even down to the minutest." Our kinsmen beyond the sea might be flattered for the moment by being told that they were a nation stronger and greater than the English. But they had too much sense—they knew their joint history too well to repudiate or disparage their English parentage and their ancient home. Thirdly, with them as with us, in spite of the overwhelming forces of uneducated or half-educated ignorance and fanaticism, there was the chance that the voice of the reasonable few might more and more make itself heard. In these latter days it had been sometimes implied that the uneducated classes were always right and the educated classes always wrong. But in every neighborhood, and not least in this great centre of popular life, from time to time we met with instances which revealed to us as with a lightning flash the need of higher inspirations. The most widely spread and deeply rooted of popular illusions in our time received, if he mistook not, its first mortal wound when an eloquent voice from Birmingham, beloved also in America, had the boldness to denounce it as a groundless and miserable imposture. And in the close of the eighteenth century it was never to be forgotten that the last of the pilgrim fathers, as we might call him, who was forced to emigrate for conscience sake from England to America, took refuge in the solitudes of Pennsylvania, driven thither, not by king or bishop, but by the illiterate mob of Birmingham—the illustrious martyr of freedom and science, Joseph Priestley. We now all acknowledged that the mob was wrong, and that the few who would have tolerated Priestley were right.

An ignorant fellow, who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage ceremony; but by mistake he committed to memory the office of baptism for those of riper years; so when the clergyman asked him in church, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the bridegroom answered solemnly, "I renounce them all." The astonished minister said, "I think you a fool!" To which he replied, "All this I steadfastly believe."